you would deſires to acquainted withall.

Page. I warrant you, hee's the man ſhould fight with him.

Slen. O ſweet *Anne Page.*

Shal. It appeares ſo by his weapons; keepe them a ſunder, here comes Doctor *Caius.*

Page. Nay good Maſter Parſon, keepe your weapon.

Shal. So doe you, good Maſter Doctor.

Hoſt. Diſarme them, and let them queſtion; let them keepe their limbs whole, and hacke our Engliſh.

Cai. I pray you let-a-mee ſpeake a word with your eare; vherefore vill you not meet-a me?

Euan. I Pray you vſe your patience in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de Coward: de Iacke dog: Iohn Ape.

Euan. Pray you let vs not be laughing-ſtocks to other mens humors; I deſire you in friendſhip, and I will one way or other make you amends; I will knog your Vrinal about your knaues Cogs-combe.

Cai. Diable; Iack Rugby: mine *Hoſt de Iarteer*; haue I not ſtay for him, to kill him? haue I not at de place I did appoint?

Euan. As I am a Chriſtians ſoule, now looke you; this is the place appointed, ile be iudgement by mine *Hoſt of the Garter.*

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay, *Gallia* and *Gaule*, *French* and *Welch*, Soule-Curer, and Body-Curer.

Cai. I, dat is very good, excellant.

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay; heare mine Hoſt of the Garter, Am I politicke? Am I ſubtle? Am I a Machiuell? Shall I looſe my Doctor? No, he giues me the Potions and the Motions. Shall I looſe my Parſon? my Prieſt? my *Sir Hugh*? No, hee giues me the Prouerbes, and the No-verbes. Giue me thy hand (Celeſtiall) ſo; Boyes of Art, I haue deceiu'd you both; I haue directed you to wrong places; your hearts are mighty, your skinnes are whole, and let burn'd Sacke be the iſſue; Come, lay their ſwords to pawne; Follow me, Lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal.

Shal. Truſt me, a mad Hoſt

low.

Slen. O ſweet *Anne Page.*

Cai. Ha'do I perceiue dat? Ha ha, ha?

Euan. This is well, he has ma

I deſire you that we may be frie

praines together to be reuenge

cogging-companion the Hoſt of

Cai. By gar, with all my heart

where is *Anne Page*, by gar he d

Euan. Well, I will ſmite his no

Scœna Secunda

Miſt. Page, Robin, Ford, Page
Euans, Caius

Miſt. Page. Nay keepe you

were wont to be a follower; but

ther had you rather lead mine e

heeles?

Rob. I had rather (forſooth, g

then follow him like a dwarfe.

Miſ. Page. O you are a flatter

Ford. Well met miſtris *Page*,

Miſ. Page. Truly Sir, to ſee yo

Ford. I, and as idle as ſhe may

companie; I thinke if your husb

would marry.

Miſ. Page. Be ſure of that, tw

Ford. Where had you this pre

Miſt. Fa. I cannot tell what (t

husband had him of, what doe

Rob. Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe.*

Ford. Sir *Iohn Falſtafe.*

M. P. He, he, I can neuer hit on's

between my goodman, and he; is

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22301) LONDON, 1630 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURG